

Boston July 9<sup>th</sup> 1839.

My dear Debra

Though I have not as amusing an account to give, of the way in which we, in Boston, spent our 4<sup>th</sup> of July, as Caroline could give you, still I thought I would tell you, and leave Caroline to tell her own story. In the first place at nine o'clock we all went down to Chardon street to hear Bradburn, there were very few people there, a great many I suppose being out of town. Mr Sanborn, of Reading, Dr. Hildfield's uncle, made the prayer, he is the cutest man you ever saw, but is sensible, and no pecker. Mr Pierpont then read the declaration of sentiments, and read it most beautifully, and read a Hymn of Garrison to be sung. Then Bradburn delivered his oration it was very good indeed. I will say nothing more about it as you will see it in the Liberator. Then a collection was taken up, and Brother Pierpont behaved handsomely, while the collection was being taken he spoke, and spoke beautifully, for money. and during the address he sat in the pulpit with Bradburn and sat the time to all the applause, and in short was ashamed of nothing. Henry said that people are talking about his being there, and don't like it. Anne, Mary Chapman, Mr Child and I went from the meeting to Henrietta's where we were treated to mead, you offered in one of your letters we received lately that to send me some shells, I should be very glad of them indeed. Mr Sanborn dined here, and talked very enthusiastically of your Aunt whom he said he knew when they were very young, and more lovely, beautiful, blooming girls, he never saw, he told the Dr, he said, that he had better marry one of them. Edmund Quincy was here also, and for once

Ms. A. 9.2.11.132



I got ice-creams in a plenty, In the afternoon Anne and I chose the better part, and went to bed, and slept all the afternoon. In the evening Henry, Emma, Lizzy and I went out upon the Common to see the fire-works. there were very beautiful, but the prettiest sight was to look over the Common when any of the rockets broke and see the immense crowd of people that were there. After we came back, Bradburn and Francis Jackson called and at twelve we went to bed tired enough, and thankful that there was but one such day in the year. Friday evening we all were invited up to Francis Jacksons, where were assembled Mr and Mrs Garrison and Phebe Jackson, a friend of Mrs G's, Mrs Child, Mr Collins, Mr. and Sarah Southwick, and Mary Chapman, Bradburn of course as he is staying there. we had a very good time, and were treated to ice-creams and cakes. I might have said first that we were taken to the sign of the Soap-Boiler. Perhaps you dont know that there has been acted at one of the Theatres a Farce, in which a person is introduced personating Francis and called the Retired Soap-Boiler the Farce has reference to his actions in regard to the Licence law. Saturday we had the same people here and treated them to ice-creams, straboberry, cherries, and cake, I wish you had been here. it seems such a shame here is Caroline and Anne can come in any time and it seems as if you ought to come too. Emma went off to town to day with Mr Kingsbury and Warren, and Henry who came in the morning went out in the stage. Sunday. Henry, Caroline and Lizzy have all gone out to Weymouth to day. I have not written so particularly as I might have done, but I know that Anne would tell you every thing. I send the pattern of a collar and the roosted work that you wanted, and I also send your green ribbon & for my part think it look's miserably, but you will



be glad to hear that Maria's gown looks finely, talking about yours  
Maria has had hers made and very handsome it looks. The  
Boston Female holds its meeting Wednesday, I wish you could be here  
I leave Anne to write all that is to be said, I shall be very  
glad of the shells, and am much obliged to you for the  
gloves you sent me. Yours ever Lucia Weston.



Lucia Weston  
July 7<sup>th</sup> 1839

George Bradburn Esq.

Miss Sophia Weston.

Mrs. Bradburn.